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shaped out of a plank half an inch narrower than those last, say a piece four and a half inches wide;—try. And, indeed, the reader will be surprised to see, if he will take the trouble to observe, how ingeniously an elaborate look is given to that which is really an almost straight bar of wood. The legs of chairs, made by the thousand, all alike, are so devised as to leave no waste pieces of wood between them, the front of one fitting the back of another, till the plank is all used in finished legs except the chips which come of shaping the first and the last. One man or set of men works constantly at the front legs, making so many hundred in a month, while another man or set of men is making back legs, another rungs, another seats, and another backs. Then, in a large room to which all the pieces are sent, the parts are put together, and the finished chairs piled up or hung from the ceiling. And the purchaser may

choose among three patterns, say, of nearly equal cost, of each of which patterns there are about a hundred dozen chairs in stock. The larger pieces of furniture of this class are still more characteristic and peculiar. The bureaus are never known to stand firm, even when they are first sent home; their drawers go in and out by jerks, first one side and then the other, and fit so loosely in front, that the locks never catch after the first month; the sides, made of one wide board or of two, each, invariably split or separate the whole height up and down; the top, also of one or of two thin boards, curls up at front and back, separating from the frame in doing so. In the degraded and ruinous state it soon reaches, it may last some years, the annoyance of the user, who, however, would replace it, if destroyed, by another of similar construction and material.

(To be Continued.)

NOTICES OF LATE EXHIBITIONS.

SINCE the publication of the last number of the *NEW PATH*, there have been several pictures exhibited in New York which it does not seem proper to pass over without remark, especially as some of them deserve respectful consideration for the evident sincerity of their intention, even if they have fallen short of the highest excellence.

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN READING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION TO THE CABINET."—By F. B. CARPENTER.

Mr. Carpenter deserves great praise for the straightforward, manly way in which he has set before us the birth, as it were, of one of the most important events in our recent history. A vulgar painter would either have found nothing in the subject worth painting, or would have endeavored, by upholstery and furniture of his own contriving, to

throw over the awkwardness of a group of men in modern costume the charm which he had been taught by academic rules and a conventional art to supply. We should have had, if not the inevitable marble column and voluminous crimson curtain of the days of Copley and Stuart, something as unlike the real room in which the Cabinet met, as the room in which the incongruous assembly of American authors is gathered in Schussele and Darley's picture of "Irving and his Friends," is to the plain little study at Sunnyside. Mr. Carpenter has painted the Cabinet chamber in all its republican simplicity, and has also given us a collection of portraits which have been generally recognized as faithful and expressive.

We consider that when we have said thus much we have given the picture

very high praise. The subject seems to us to offer a narrow field for artistic treatment. Its great value is simply as record, and perhaps Titian's art would not have made it more valuable in this respect. Is it not, by-the-way, an interesting problem to guess what Titian would have done with such a subject, supposing him to have been hampered by the actual conditions? Three things we may take for granted. He would have ennobled all the heads, and with his penetrative glance into character would have idealized them, perhaps beyond popular recognition. Then, he would have contrived to secure in some way a noble scale of color, and very possibly might have done so without violating the facts of wall-paper, carpet, or table-cover. But, if he held fast to these, he would, at least, by the perfection of his flesh-painting, and the truth with which he would interpret individual character, have made us forget the absence of decoration and material splendor. And, lastly, the drawing of the master would have been felt through the whole picture in the roundness of all the heads and limbs and the sense of life in the attitudes.

On the whole, we suppose Titian would never have chosen such a subject: its baldness would have repelled him. And he could only have painted it with pleasure by denying or decorating the facts, which would have made the work more valuable as a picture, and less valuable historically. Mr. Carpenter's picture is raw and rude in color, the flesh-painting is poor, and the heads are little more than daguerreotypes, while the attitudes are wanting in freedom, although they are intended to be natural and characteristic, and are in no case arranged for theatrical effect. But, with all these defects—many of which we have no doubt so faithful and studious an artist will outgrow—we hold that he has produced a picture which

better deserves a place in the National Capitol than any work that is there, with the single exception of Trumbull's much ridiculed, but valuable, "Signing of the Declaration."

"THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT CUMBERLAND LANDING, ON THE PA-MUNKEY."—PAINTED BY J. HOPE, LATE CAPTAIN U. S. VOLUNTEERS, FROM A SKETCH TAKEN BY HIM ON THE SPOT.

Mr. Hope's picture is characterized by the same merits as Mr. Carpenter's, and has similar defects. Both artists have evidently been moved by the same desire to make a truthful statement of certain facts, and have alike rejected all temptation to increase the attractiveness of their pictures by the addition of imaginary accessories. Neither of them has much sense of color, and there is but little evidence in either work of that refinement of culture which adds so great a charm to the best modern European pictures. But, in the present condition of art in this country, we hold that the spirit in which these pictures have been painted is so highly to be prized that it cannot be enough encouraged, and that while we ought not to make light of real defects, and ought frankly to acknowledge all the drawbacks; yet all quiet, modest protests, such as these against the false and theatrical styles which have been and are still in vogue, especially in the treatment of historical subjects, ought to be cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. The spirit we recommend is the spirit of sincerity and truth, whatever may be its present material mask, however ungraceful, perhaps uncouth, its expression. It is the only spirit from which any good in art or literature has ever flowed, and if we can once sternly demand it and heartily cherish it, refuse to tolerate anything that is not born of it, we may be sure that all increase of real refinement in manners and social customs; all political and

moral growth; all enlargement of ideas of whatever kind, will find in the art which, in its beginning, we shall have based on sincerity and a frank acceptance of the truth, a rich and flexible medium for their fullest expression.

We are told that "this was the only occasion on which any one of our large armies was ever encamped on a single field. On this field, two by three miles, the whole Army of the Potomac, consisting of eighty thousand men, was encamped for a single night only." It was no easy task to represent such a scene; and considering all the difficulties, and remembering, also, the short space of time allowed for taking the sketch—the artist being an officer on duty, too—we must admit that his success has been great. Leaving out of view all minor deficiencies, the general result is clear, vigorous, and impressive.

A more inventive artist would no doubt have given to the scene the element it chiefly lacks—the confusion and bustle which must certainly have made itself evident enough at such a time. It is true that the foreground represents a rising ground at some distance necessarily from the camp, but even at that distance we should imagine that the general aspect of things could hardly have been so neat and orderly. Still, as the worst part of the picture is the painting of the few figures of men and horses in the foreground, the artist, perhaps, did well to make them few. He has evidently felt at home in the landscape, which is painted with considerable skill, and in color shows a decided improvement upon Mr. Hope's earlier works, many specimens of which may now be seen upon the walls of the Mutual Art Association gallery, and which, remarkable as they are for the excellence of much of their drawing, are very untrue in color. Considerable cleverness is shown in the treatment of the multitudinous tents, and in the skill with which the method of breaking up a camp is shown without giving anything of a map-like or scientific look to the picture, without, in short, making it less a picture; and indeed, so much cleverness and perception are exhibited all through the picture, that we are inclined to make rigorous demands upon Mr. Hope for far more finished and careful work in the next that he undertakes.

FRENCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES AT GOUFIL'S.

In February, Mr. Knoedler once more put the lovers of pictures under obligation to him for his liberality in giving them the opportunity to study works by Luys and Gallait of Belgium, Frère, Willems, Plassan, Gérôme, De Jonghe and other less known Frenchmen. Of these, the most remarkable were "the Minstrel" by Baron Luys, "the Prisoner's Voice" by Gallait, "the Turkish Butcher Boy" by Gérôme, "Lady and Pet Dog" by Willems, and "At Prayers" by De Jonghe. We very much regret that the high price which the cost of gold made it necessary to demand for Baron Luys' picture prevented its being purchased here. It was marked by all his peculiarities of thought and treatment, and increased our already high estimate of his ability. We regret that want of space forbids our writing of the whole collection at length.

MR. POWELL'S COMMISSION.

We share in the indignation and mortification which have found expression among intelligent people everywhere through the country, at the commission given to Mr. Powell by the late Congress to paint a picture "on some national subject," for which very indefinite performance he is to receive the snug little sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. A more palpable "job" was never pushed through Congress, and all the well-meant, zealous efforts of Mr. Sumner could not avail to avert the disaster of another picture in the Capitol by the painter of "De Soto discovering the Mississippi." That work is so discreditable to the man who could paint it, and to the people who could allow it to be bought, that we hoped, even to the last, that we might be saved from a repetition of the experiment. Mr. Powell, however, seems to be in favor at Washington, and we must, for the present, submit. The "De Soto" defaces the backs of a portion of our national notes; we wish that the canvas the new picture is to be painted on were as easily destroyed as they. Meanwhile, the people learn; and before many years all such painters as Mr. Powell will be driven to seek a living in some pursuit more respectable and more honestly remunerative than the practice of their so-called art.